

Miscellany.

HE CARETH FOR THEE.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. What can it mean? Is it ought to him that the night are long and the days are dim? Can he be touched by griefs I bear, Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair? Around his throne are eternal calms, And strong, glad music of happy psalms, And bliss untroubled by any strife, How can he care for my poor life?

And yet I want him to care for me, While I live in this world where sorrows be; When the lights die down on the path I take; When strength is feeble and friends forsake; When love and music, that once did bless, Have left me to silence and loneliness; And life's song changes to sobbing prayers—Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long, And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong; When I am not good, and the deeper shade Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid; And the busy world has too much to do To stay in its course to help me through, And I long for a Saviour—can it be That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love! Each heart is dear to that heart above, He fights for me when I cannot fight; He comforts me in the gloom of night; He lifts the burden, for he is strong; He silences the sighs which help me through the song; The sorrow that bows me down he bears, And loves and pardons, because he cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again, We are not alone in hours of pain; Our Father stoops to his throne above To soothe and quiet us with his love. He leaves us not when the storm is high, And we have safety, for he is nigh. Can it be trouble which he will share? Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord does care.

—[London Christian.

A RIDE ON THE PIANO.

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do, I dropped into a concert, and heard a sleek-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running.

He tapped the keys way up one end, just as if they were gauges, and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle, and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old 'thirty-six' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz-saw, and I got excited.

"About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle way back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ashpan.

"But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a humbee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move.

"He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding, and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses.

"There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face, and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that the Frenchman gave me on a piano."—[Times-Democrat.

A WONDERFUL ALUMINUM HAND.

Willard A. Lucas, the son of a great woolen manufacturer at Poquetannuck, Conn., wears an artificial hand made of aluminum, which is really one of the automatic wonders of the century. Young Lucas lost his hand in his father's mill, and Lucas, sr., who grieved exceedingly over the results of the accident, wrote or went in person to every known manufacturer of artificial limbs in this country and Europe, vainly seeking a false hand for his son. Artificial hands could have been procured from any of them, but what was wanted was not to be found, viz., a hand that would perform all the functions of a real flesh and blood member. Finally, the elder Lucas, who is known as a rare mechanical genius, took it upon himself to make his son a hand—not a mere "dummy"—but one that would be useful for the manifold purposes to which such members are put. The result is a surprise to every maker of artificial limbs in the world. The automaton is of aluminum and much resembles the steel gauntlets worn by the knights of the middle ages. The fingers are all perfect and lifelike, the joints in each bending as readily as those in a natural

hand, making it possible for the young man to perform every kind of labor. An expert report on this wonderful piece of mechanism reads as follows: "With it he can grasp and handle all kinds of tools, pick up things from the ground, drive, handle a gun—in fact, use it skilfully and quickly at any kind of work. Like a natural hand, the artificial one consists of a palm that is provided with a fastening by which it is attached to a cork 'stump,' the joints work by a ratchet, so that the fingers may be bent forward at an angle and held there. The hand may be only partly closed or tightly shut, and only one finger or all, as the wearer desires, may be closed at once and instantly by striking them against the body or other object. To loose the grasp it is only necessary to touch a spring at the back of the hand. The invention is as nearly a perfect substitute for a natural hand as could be devised, and is the only thing of the kind known in the world."—[St. Louis Republic.

THE SHAH'S LOVE OF CATS.

It is said that the Shah of Persia, in spite of some rather unamiable eccentricities, has many kindhearted traits. There is a venerable story, invented by some antediluvian Joseph Miller, of a man who found a cat fallen asleep on his coat tails, and, rather than to disturb the beast, cut off the coat tails and walked away in a round jacket. Now, it is said to be a matter of authentic record that the shah on a certain occasion was about to set forth on a tour through his dominions attended by all his court and a vast retinue, all of whom were actually on the road, when he found his pet cat fast asleep on the identical fur mantle which he wished to wear, whereupon he sat him down to wait until puss should of its own accord wake up and leave its couch; and that not coming to pass for some time the court and retinue were dismissed for the day, and the start postponed until the morrow, when, he observed, the shah's attendants took good care that no cat again should use the mantle for a bed.

AN AUTHOR'S WIFE.

Count Tolstoi is said to have reproduced in the courtship of Levin and Kitty, in Anna Karenian, where the lovers only pronounce the first letters of the words they wish to say to each other, the wooing of his wife and himself. Madame Tolstoi is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow university at the age of seventeen, was married when she was eighteen and her husband twenty years older, and is now after thirty-one years of married life, the mother of nine living children and her husband's potent aid in his literary labors. Until the children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task of which the difficulty is increased by the self-invented shorthand in which Count Tolstoi sets down his compositions. Even his wife is not allowed to interrupt him when he is engaged in the first draught of an important work, and at such times he writes nearly all day, and sometimes far into the night.—[Harper's Bazar.

THE CANARY'S MIRROR.

Not long ago my wife purchased a canary at a bird-store. It had been accustomed to companions of its kind at the store, but at our house it was entirely alone. The pretty little songster was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, but drooped and seemed to be pining away. We talked to it, and tried by every means in our power to cheer the bird up but all in vain. My wife was on the point of carrying the bird back to the store when one day a friend said, "Give him a piece of looking-glass." Acting on this suggestion, she tied a piece of a broken mirror about the size of a man's hand on the outside of the cage. The little fellow hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and going up close, looked in, seeming delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing all the pretty airs he was master of. He never was homesick after that. He spends most of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he can, thinking, very likely that he is getting near to the pretty bird he sees so often.—[St. Louis Globe Democrat.

NEWSPAPER DEGRADATION.

I have no squeamishness as to a spade being called by its proper name on a proper occasion, and I should be the very last to attempt to set up any standard of taste or propriety to which the columns of a newspaper should conform. But it is just because I claim myself the fullest liberty in regard to the publication of advertisements that I feel it a duty to protest against the abuse of this liberty, and it is because I cherish neither puritanical views of morals nor prudish qualms about propriety, that I feel it a duty to protest against a shameless violation both of morality and decency. License has ever been the worst enemy of liberty. The abuse of the advertising columns of newspapers has become a public evil, and unless it is checked by the voluntary action of journalists themselves, the law will sooner or later be called upon to deal with it, and the liberty of the press will be to that extent curtailed. What could be more disgraceful? In the face of such a prospect what becomes of all the cant about

the greatness, the dignity, and the public services of the press?

We speak of newspapers as the instruments of enlightenment and civilization; yet here are papers which turn out by hundreds of thousands at a time to be read by men and women, boys, girls, and babies, columns of filth which no decent minded person can look at without disgust. We boast of the evils which the press has exposed and destroyed, but here is the press lending itself to the vilest purposes at the price of a shilling or so a line. We call ourselves an honorable profession, yet here are journalists—not looked upon as worse than their neighbors—who are ready to fill their pockets by co-operating with the most pernicious and degraded pests of society. No other profession is open to such a reproach. Most of them have acquired the means of protecting themselves against it. If journalists have any regard for their professional honor, it is time that they did the same.—[London Truth.

RELIEVING SNOW-BOUND PASSENGERS.

"I was snow-bound in Michigan a few years ago between Coopersville and Nunica," said a traveling salesman. The snow was four feet deep on a level and still falling. The passengers had eaten up everything the train boy had, including even mixed candies, and children were crying for food. A grocery salesman offered his samples of tea and coffee, and these were boiled at the engine. Then I started, accompanied by another passenger, to go to a farmhouse to get some bread and butter. We waded through the snow, and by the time we got there were nearly frozen, but we could detect the odor of cooking victuals and felt that our mission would be successful. In answer to our knock a woman came to the door and flatly refused to let us have bread at any price. Five large loaves, just baked, were on a table and a jar of butter near it. I told my friend to go to the front door and argue with them while I stole the food. This programme was carried out, and I started back through the snow with the bread and butter. I had not gone far before I could hear the farmer behind swearing at me. Then came a race through the snow. Twice I fell down and soaked the bread in the snow, but I hung on to it, and reached the train at the same time the farmer did. There a hundred passengers were ready to help me, and we had one square meal. I had offered \$1 a loaf for the bread, and started to make the promise good, but the passengers insisted that the man should get nothing except the empty butter jar."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PHYSICIANS SAY SO.

The only way to cure salt rheum, eczema, pimples, boils, blotches and ulcers is by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. "I used numbers of so-called blood purifiers," writes Mrs. Belinda Hodsdon, of Haverhill, N. H., "without benefit, until I began to take Favorite Remedy. Although suffering from an ulcerated sore leg, a few bottles entirely cured me."

GIRL WANTED.

A lady living alone wishes to engage a girl for general housework. Must be willing to remain at home. Good pay to right party. No tramps wanted. Address, A. B. C., CALEDONIAN office.

TO RENT.

A good tenement of 6 rooms for small family. Enquire on premises, 129 Main St.

TO RENT.

In Walker's Block, two pleasant and desirable front and side rooms, up one flight. Apply to G. H. A. MILLER, 61 Main St., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

SITUATION WANTED.

A middle-aged American lady desires a position as housekeeper. JENNIE PALMER, 7 St. Mary St.

TENEMENT TO RENT.

At No. 8 Pine street. Apply to G. H. STEARNS.

PEACHAM ACADEMY.

Spring Term begins Tuesday, February 27, 1894. C. A. BUNKER, Principal. Send for circulars or particulars. Peacham, Vt., Jan. 22, 1894.

Vital to Manhood.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age. A month's treatment \$1.60 for \$5, by mail. We guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with \$5, will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by C. C. Bingham, Druggist and sole agent, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Pale Faces

show Depleted Blood, poor nourishment, everything bad. There are signs of Anæmia.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, enriches the blood, purifies the skin, cures Anæmia, builds up the system. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes Prepared by Scott & Browne, N. Y. At Druggists.

WELL-DRESSED WOMEN.

HANDSOME GOWNS ARE NOT NECESSARILY THE MOST EXPENSIVE.

Diamond Dyes Make Possible Many Stylish Suits—Their Use Greatly Increased by Hard Times—Rich Colors That Will Not Fade, Croak, or Wash Out.

"About the only thing the sale of which has been increased by the hard times are diamond dyes," said a druggist. "Women like to be well-dressed, and they find that by the use of these handy home dyes they can make an old dress look like a new one, prevent the husband's clothes from getting shabby, and keep the children nicely clothed."

"Why, there are fifty different colors in diamond dyes; the blacks (special kinds for wool, cotton, and silk and feathers) are the most popular, as any color can be dyed a handsome black, with but little work or expense. The directions on the envelopes are so plain and explicit that the most inexperienced can do as well as the professional dyer."

In one of the ladies' papers, a story of real life was printed, telling how a winter wardrobe was made from partly worn clothing by the aid of diamond dyes. "A tan colored flannel dress was taken apart and washed and then dyed a beautiful brown with seal brown diamond dye. As it is made very plain it can be washed almost as easily as calico; for, like other colors produced by these dyes, it will never fade." It also tells of a suit that was dyed a lovely shade of dark green, and other useful and handsome gowns, cloaks, and hats that were colored over with diamond dyes. Try a ten-cent package and see how easily a fast and beautiful color can be made over any kind of goods.

Legal Notices.

Commissioners' Notice.

LOREN M. STONE'S ESTATE.

The subscribers, having been appointed by the honorable Probate court for the district of Caledonia, commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Loren M. Stone, late of St. Johnsbury, in said district, deceased, and the term of six months from the 20th day of January, 1894, being allowed by said court to the creditors of said deceased, to exhibit and prove their respective claims before us: Give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the residence of Loren M. Stone, in said district, on the 15th day of March, and the 21st day of July next, at one o'clock in the afternoon on each of said days.

F. V. POWERS, S. AS RANDALL, Commissioners.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Feb. 12, A. D. 1894.

Commissioners' Notice.

JOSEPH W. BICKFORD'S ESTATE.

The subscribers, having been appointed by the honorable Probate court for the district of Caledonia, commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Joseph W. Bickford, late of Caledonia, in said district, deceased, and the term of six months from the 20th day of January, 1894, being allowed by said court to the creditors of said deceased, to exhibit and prove their respective claims before us: Give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the dwelling house of the deceased, in Danville, in said district, on the 3d day of March and the 20th day of July next, at one o'clock in the afternoon on each of said days.

P. R. PALMER, J. D. STEVENS, Commissioners.

Danville, Vt., February 10, A. D. 1894.

Commissioners' Notice.

ALEXANDER HOLMES' ESTATE.

The subscribers, having been appointed by the honorable Probate court for the district of Caledonia, commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Alexander Holmes, late of Barnet, in said district, deceased, and the term of six months from the 3rd day of February, 1894, being allowed by said court to the creditors of said deceased, to exhibit and prove their respective claims before us: Give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the residence of Mrs. Alexander Holmes, in Barnet, in said district, on the 23rd day of February and the first day of August next at one o'clock in the afternoon on each of said days.

H. R. R. ROBBIE, WILLIAM H. BURBANK, Commissioners.

Barnet, Feb. 3rd, A. D. 1894.

Probate of Will.

IRA L. McCLEARY'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, Caledonia District, ss. In Probate court, held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury, within and for said district, on the 6th day of February, A. D. 1894. An instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Ira L. McCleary, late of Peacham, in said district, deceased, being presented to court by Horace P. McCleary one of the executor therein named, for probate.

It is ordered by said court that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said court, to be held at the Probate office in St. Johnsbury on the 24th day of February, A. D. 1894, and show cause, if any they may have, against the probate of said will, for which purpose it is further ordered that a copy of the record of this order be published three weeks successively in the Caledonian printed at St. Johnsbury previous to said time appointed for hearing.

By the Court, attested: WALTER E. SMITH, Judge.

A true copy of record, Attest: WALTER E. SMITH, Judge.

U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, WASHINGTON, D. C., January 10, 1894.—Sealed proposals marked "PROPOSALS FOR FISH HATCHERY BUILDINGS, ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT," and enclosed in an envelope addressed "Marshall McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.," will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon, of March 1, 1894, at which time they will be opened in presence of attending bidders, for the construction of a fish hatchery, an out-building and ice house, on the property of the U. S. Fish Commission near St. Johnsbury, Caledonia county, Vermont. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids, to waive technical defects, and to accept any part of any bid and reject the other part. Specifications, plans, blank proposals and full information will be furnished on application to John W. Titcomb, U. S. Fish Commission Station, St. Johnsbury, Vermont. MARSHALL McDONALD, Commissioner.

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Direct from our grove at Pomona.

Quality the Finest

we have ever received. Consignments arriving every week. Sold singly, by the dozen or by the box.

TRY SOME.

E. T. & H. K. IDE.

HARD TIMES

The customer tarrieth at his home, and the goods in our show-cases seek for the admiration which cometh not; the note matureth on the morrow, and lo! there are no dollars in the till; the coat-sleeve frayeth, but we can only gaze upon it in sadness, for our tailor longeth for the payment of our last purchase. We hunger for the succulent lamb-chop, but stay our stomach with sausage, instead, for the cost thereof is less; the mill has shut down, the bank has shut up; it is a time of "hard times." For the above reasons we have cut the price of our \$13.37 gold filled watch to \$12.88. Only five of them in stock.

T. C. SPENCER.

Pythian Building, Eastern Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

See Our Window Display.

You will find it attractive as well as instructive. A complete model of the laboratory of Scates Medical Company in the manufacture of their celebrated

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BOYNTON & EASTMAN.

We Have Just the Book You Need for 1894.

Peloubet's Notes on the Sunday School Lessons. The Vermont and New Hampshire Registers and the World Almanac for 1894.

Are now ready and we have our usual stock of

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Has been temporarily reduced from \$5 to \$3. Now is the time to buy one.

Fine Note and Writing Paper

In styles and prices to suit all. Call and see these goods at our new store in the Pythian Building.

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Promptly and neatly executed, from a label to a book.

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